

# NEWS

*Thanked by...*  
*American Junior Red Cross*

FEBRUARY • 1954



# Mount Vernon

## STORY OF OUR COVER—by Janice Holland

**H**OW MANY of you recognized the picture on this month's cover as that of Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington? The river front of the house with its eight tall columns is known to everyone. The other front, to which came the graceful coaches, is less often shown.

By looking at Mount Vernon from its western side, it is possible to see the buildings and gardens which make this plantation like a little village.

From each end of the house, pretty arched passageways curve outward. One joins the house to the plantation office. The other joins the house to the kitchen building. It is easy to imagine the little serving boys running under the arches with hot dishes for George Washington's table.

Some of the other buildings in the picture are the gardener's house, the spinning house, the coach house, and the stable.

Though it is winter, you can see the outlines of two gardens. They are shaped rather like flat irons. The distant one is the flower garden; the nearer one is the kitchen garden.

Between the two gardens lies the bowling green. George Washington made a plan for the placing of the trees around the green. He rode into the woods and chose the finest saplings for transplanting. Then he watched the work, to be sure all was done just as he wished.

If you go to Mount Vernon by car or bus, you will first see the house, stately and still, across this bowling green. So Washington himself saw it many times as he returned for short visits during his presidency. And something of what he felt is in his words to a friend: "I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon . . . than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe."

(If you want to learn more about Mount Vernon and about the capital of our country, Washington, D. C., you will enjoy reading the book Janice Holland has written and illustrated, "They Built a City." The picture at the right is reprinted from this book, courtesy Scribner's Publishing Co.)



# Good Times Together

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## WITH OUR NEIGHBORS EVERYWHERE

I promise Thee in every way,  
I'll be a good neighbor today.

—Sema W. Herman

## Neighbor helping neighbor

"Neighbor helping neighbor" is a slogan often used to describe what Red Cross means to people. Neighbors needing help may not necessarily live right next door, nor even in the next block. They may be the people in the next town who have lost their homes in a tornado. They may mean people half the world away who have suffered from floods, or they may mean veterans in a hospital somewhere. No matter where neighbors live who are in need, other neighbors in the Red Cross always stand ready to help them.

## Junior Red Cross neighbors

Alert JRC members constantly find ways to help their neighbors. When their classmates become ill or perhaps have an accident, boys and girls in some schools write them notes or send messages of cheer. In other places, JRC members like to plan holiday favors for neighbors in veterans hospitals or send birthday remembrances to neighbors in old folks' homes.

World neighbors are not forgotten either. Thousands of gift boxes each year carry friendly thoughts to children of other lands from JRC neighbors in this country. Through contributions to the National Children's Fund, articles of relief are sent by Junior Red Cross to children in Japan, in Korea, in India, in Greece—wherever there are suffering and need. There is no end to what JRC members are doing constantly for neighbor children everywhere.

## February NEWS

Our front and back covers this month honor two famous birthdays, Washington's and Lincoln's. Janice Holland, who is a favorite NEWS illustrator, made the cover design which shows the garden side of Mount Vernon as seen from the air. She has also written a story about Mount Vernon on page 2. The Lincoln song on the back cover your class will enjoy learning, for it is something very new.

The February NEWS is filled with stories and pictures especially planned for the month. We hope you will write and tell us what you liked best, and how you used the NEWS in your class.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.





# TAD STOLE THE SHOW

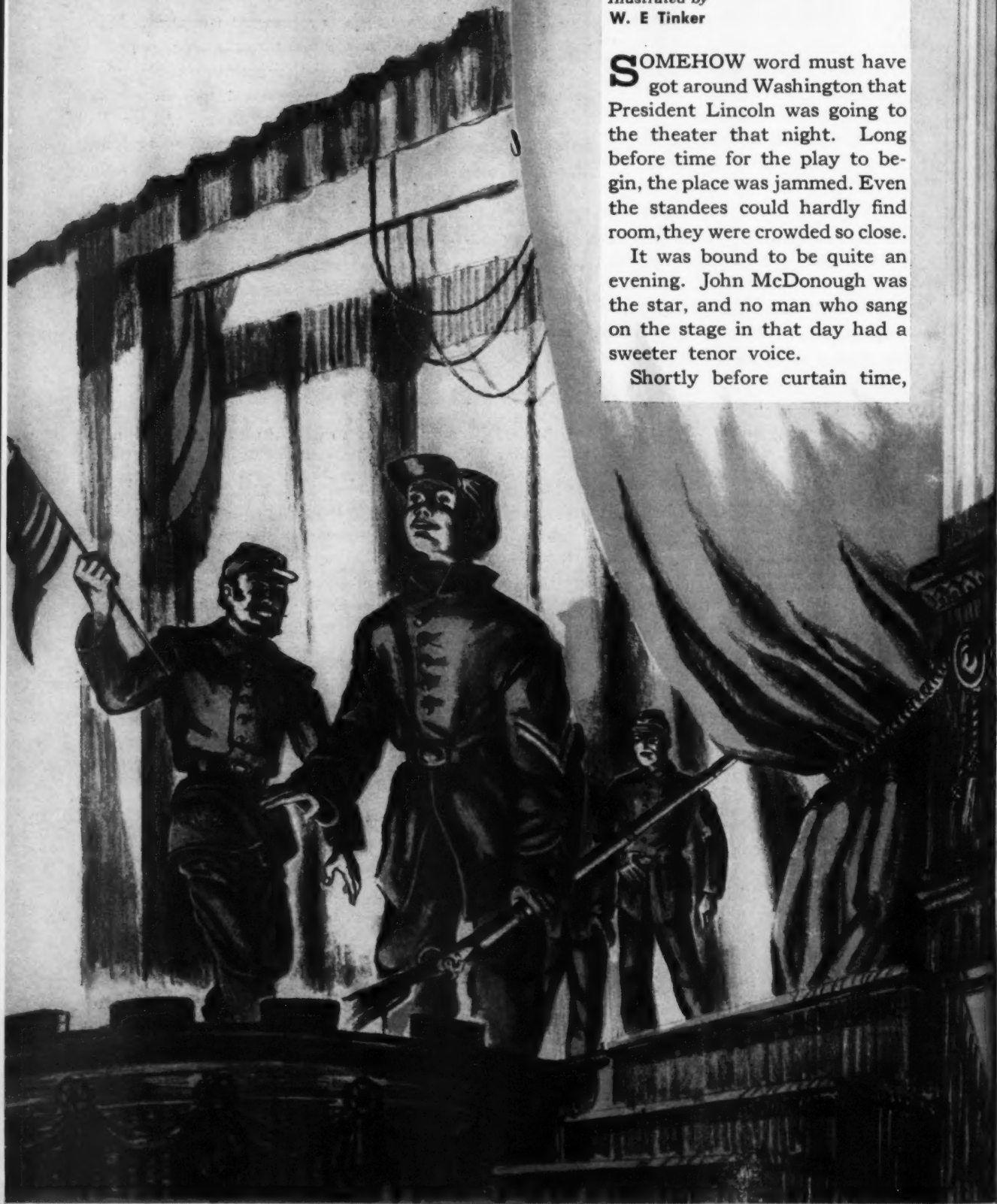
True story by  
**VINCENT EDWARDS**

Illustrated by  
**W. E. Tinker**

**S**OMEHOW word must have got around Washington that President Lincoln was going to the theater that night. Long before time for the play to begin, the place was jammed. Even the standees could hardly find room, they were crowded so close.

It was bound to be quite an evening. John McDonough was the star, and no man who sang on the stage in that day had a sweeter tenor voice.

Shortly before curtain time,





an excited buzz ran through the audience. People looked up at the box that had been draped with the American flag. Sure enough, there was Mr. Lincoln with his little son Tad! As they stood and bowed to the applause, everybody rose to greet them.

As the show started, many people turned to study the President's face. There was no doubt that the terrible war had set deep shadows in it and crossed it with sad care-lines.

For a short time Tad's smiling young face was seen beside his father, but then he was gone. Mr. Lincoln did not seem to be greatly disturbed. He must have known that the boy was perfectly at home in that theater, since he knew all the ushers and stage hands.

What had happened to Tad?

Unknown to his father, he was having quite an adventure. When no one was looking, he had slipped out of the box and then gone down the stairs and come out on a dimly lighted platform. Tad did not know it, but he had come out behind the scenes on the big stage.

There he discovered a rack where various suits and costumes were hanging. A blue Army uniform caught his eye. Not the least bit abashed, he proceeded to put it on in spite of the fact that it was much too big. He also found an Army cap and slipped it on his head; it was so large that it fell down on one side.

There was a broad lighted space over to one side, and Tad thought he would go over there. The next thing he had wandered out on the stage! He was in front of the boys in the chorus, and looking out on a great sea of faces.

The audience broke into a roar of laughter. Even the "soldier boys" in the chorus couldn't keep a straight face. They took it all as a huge joke.

At sight of the small, oddly clad figure the crowd was swept by curious whispers.

"Who's the youngster?" everybody asked.

But then several persons recognized the President's son.

"Why, it's Tad Lincoln!" the whisper ran around and the audience broke out into a louder laugh than ever. They were highly amused to see the mischievous lad from the White House in that uniform and hat several sizes too big for him!

McDonough, the star of the show, knew how to make the most of the situation.

As he started to sing the first stanza of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," he walked over to the end of the chorus where Tad stood, and put the flag he was carrying into the boy's hands.

Then he put his arm around the boy's shoulders and led him out into the very center of the stage.

As he and the men behind them swung into the rousing chorus, McDonough motioned Tad to wave the flag.

The response was terrific. The audience burst into a frenzy of applause. Even the President was carried away by the enthusiasm.

At first he had hardly recognized Tad in that oversize military outfit, but when he did, he yielded to his vast amusement. He leaned far forward in his chair, with his hands on his knees, and swayed backward and forward with laughter.

With a mighty roar the great crowd rose, and everyone joined in the final chorus:

*"The Union forever! Hurrah, boys,  
hurrah!  
Down with the traitor! Up with the  
star,  
While we rally round the flag, boys,  
rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"*

Then, as the song came to an end, there were deafening cheers for "Father Abraham and Tad Lincoln!"

Lincoln stood up and bowed.

The heavy lines in his face seemed erased for the time being, and he was all smiles.

To the thrilled audience, as the curtain fell, it seemed that nowhere else in the world could the leader of a great nation have appeared so thoroughly at home with his little boy and the people he loved.



### LEARN

◀ We learn about others through puppets representing other countries. (New Hartford School, Utica Chapter, N.Y.)

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

Junior Red Cross members are  
constantly busy being good neighbors  
to those who live near or far away.



TONKS STUDIOS

### MAKE

◀ We make toys for children in hospitals. (Lincoln School, Newark, N.J.)

PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHERS

## PACK

We pack gift boxes for overseas. (Public School No. 147, New York, N. Y.) ➤



# EVERYWHERE —

## PREPARE

We prepare scrapbooks for children in hospitals. (Lyndon School, West Roxbury, Mass.) ▼



## GIVE

We give parties for shut-ins. (Beulah School, Chesterfield County, Va.) ▼





There was a loud musket shot.  
A rough voice shouted, "Halt!  
Who goes there?"



## BRAVE ADVENTURE

A true story of a girl  
who helped General Washington  
during the Revolutionary War.

**B**UT I want to help, too!" Deborah cried, as she turned the heel on John's stocking. "Girls can help win our colonies' freedom just as boys do!"

"There, child," Mistress Champion answered. "General Washington himself agrees that loyal women and girls are as important as men. Only ours is a different service to the new America."

"I don't mean knitting!" Deborah replied crossly. "Or going without sugar on my mush. I want to do something *really* fine and brave!"

Mistress Champion put down her quill pen. She smoothed Deborah's dark curls.

"You may have your chance, child. Who can tell? Bravery may be asked of everyone before we are free of England's rule."

She sighed as she dripped a bit of wax on letters she had written to John and his father, then stamped them with her seal. She rang for Aristarchus. The servant would give the letters to the next passing soldier on his way to join the Connecticut troops.

"Besides, I need you, Debbie," she continued. "Isn't it enough that our family has sent a father to be a general and a son to be a soldier?"

Debbie said no more. "I'll find *something* that will help General Washington!" Deborah promised herself.



Story by  
**HELEN REEDER CROSS**

Illustrated by  
**William Riley**

Meanwhile there was women's work aplenty to keep her busy—thread to spin and cloth to weave for soldiers' clothes, stockings to knit, letters to write. She must help Glory, the cook, prepare meals at all hours. Many soldiers passing by on the Post Road from Boston were fed at the Champions table.

Still a tiny voice kept repeating with each thump of the treadle, each turn of her wheel, "Why did I have to be just a girl?"

"Don't you worry, Miss Debbie," Aristarchus whispered as he shuffled by with her mother's letters. "You are as brave as any soldier in yo' Pappy's regimint or in General Washington's whole army!"

Deborah smiled. Good old Aristarchus! He was always loyal to the family.

The following week General Champion surprised his family by coming home for a few days' rest. What a joyous time! The Champion home shone with happiness, though everyone knew the weary war was far from won.

Aristarchus polished the brass and silver until they gleamed. Mistress Champion brought the last smoked ham and a barrel of cider up from the cellar. Glory even used a cup of precious sugar to bake a plum cake for her master.

But one morning a horseman galloped to the door. His message for the General was secret. After he left, Deborah's father paced the parlor floor, a worried frown on his face.

The household sensed that something was amiss. Aristarchus and Glory huddled in the pantry. Mistress Champion sent Debbie on an errand for an ounce of cinnamon and clove. Deborah knew this was just an excuse to get her out of the house. Hadn't she seen the kitchen spice jar full to the brim?

When she returned, General Champion met Debbie at the door. Behind him stood her mother and Aristarchus. All looked anxious.

"I would speak with you, child," her father said. "Your mother tells me you are eager as any lad to help win our country's freedom. Are you brave enough, my girl, to risk your life, if need be, for such a cause?"

"Oh, Father, yes!" Deborah cried. "What can I do?"

"Perhaps you, a slip of a girl, are the one for this task, dangerous though it be. Do you have heart and courage enough to ride to Boston with a dispatch for General Washington? Through the dark night with only Aristarchus for company?"

"Indeed I do!" Debbie stole a smile at Aristarchus.

Her father continued, "I cannot go, for my troops need me. None of my soldiers could carry it safely through enemy lines.

*(Continued on next page)*

You, just a girl, the British might not even suspect. Dare you go, Debbie?"

"Of course I dare!" Debbie cried, her eyes shining.

So plans were carefully made. Early next morning Debbie dressed by firelight and ate a steaming breakfast. Mistress Champion had packed two saddlebags. In one there was a secret pocket. Here, hidden by bread and cheese and a slice of plum cake, lay the important dispatch for General Washington.

"Tell no one your name, child," her father warned her. "Pretend you are a country lass and that you journey to visit a friend in Boston. Most important of all, *hurry*. The lives of many men may depend upon your haste."

General Champion pulled a map from his pocket.

"The British are at Providence, we know. You must ride north through Connecticut to Massachusetts, then east to Boston. God willing, you may miss the redcoats entirely."

"Spend tonight with your Uncle Jirey at Pomfret," Mistress Champion urged. "He will take care of you."

So with her mother's tearful kiss and her father's blessing, Deborah set forth, traveling in a little calash, or carriage. As the horse galloped away, Debbie pulled her cloak closer. She shivered from cold, excitement, and, yes, from fright. This was no pleasure trip. Besides, never before had she ridden beyond the town line without her parents or John for company.

How thankful Debbie was for Aristarchus! He managed the horse well. Besides, he seemed in the best of spirits. The two travelers had scarcely left New London behind when he began to sing.

"Nobody said we oughtn't to enjoy ourselves," he smiled at her. "Singing's better'n cryin' when trouble is ahead, Miss Debbie."

By the time the sun was up Deborah, too, felt better. This was an adventure—the weather fine, winter's snow melted. Only the roads were bad. Spring thaw and rain

had left them slippery, deep with mud in some places. Still, because the calash was light, the travelers were stuck but once. Then Debbie held the reins while Aristarchus pushed the calash from the mire.

The miles clipped away. By nightfall they reached Pomfret where Uncle Jirey made them welcome. Next morning the travelers were on their way before sunrise.

All this time Deborah and Aristarchus had not seen a single British soldier. Such luck couldn't last forever. The only way to miss the British lines, they were told, was to go many miles around. This would take hours longer. Deborah decided to risk the short way. Her father had said to make all possible haste.

"If I am held by the redcoats, you must go on without me, Aristarchus," Debbie told the servant. "Methinks they would not harm a girl. But you must not wait. Take the saddlebag and find your way alone to General Washington."

It was easy to feel brave while the sun shone brightly. But at last it grew dark. Aristarchus lighted the brass lantern on the carriage. Its candle gave only a feeble light. Still, Debbie was determined to travel all night, if necessary, to reach General Washington's headquarters.

She was glad she'd worn her oldest cloak and bonnet. Her skirts by now were spattered with mud. Her hair had lost its curl in the damp night air. Looking so bedraggled, it wouldn't be hard to convince any redcoat that she was a country lass bound on a simple errand.

Still a tiny fear clutched at Debbie's heart. What if they should discover she was General Champion's own daughter? What would the redcoats do with her then? Would they keep her for ransom? Would they send her to England? Perhaps hold her prisoner?

The night seemed endless. Aristarchus had stopped pretending to be light-hearted. Every now and then Debbie felt of the saddlebag with its precious message. It was safe, its secret pocket still hidden be-



neath the bread and cheese and plum cake.

Suddenly a light appeared ahead. There was a loud musket shot. A rough voice shouted, "Halt! Who goes there?"

Debbie's heart jumped. Aristarchus' teeth rattled. His eyes were great white holes in the darkness. Now was the moment requiring all the courage a general's daughter could muster.

" 'Tis only a maid and her servant," Deborah called, her voice bold though her knees were weak.

"Come, then! Let's have a look at you!"

Debbie pulled her hood about her face and obeyed. The sentry was indeed a British soldier. He wore the bright red coat of the British army.

"What is a girl doing out at such an unseemly hour?" the guard asked. "Why aren't you at home in bed?"

The sentry was a young lad no older than John. Debbie began to feel a little braver.

"I am bound to see a friend in need," she told him. Was not General Washington the friend of freedom? And was not her country in need?

"I must take you to the captain," the redcoat grumbled. "It's impossible to trust you colonists. Or to tell friend from foe."

At this Deborah could feel Aristarchus tremble violently. She laid her hand on his.

"It's a shame to wake your captain," Debbie said cleverly. "He may scold you for bothering him about a silly girl."

The soldier hesitated. True, his captain had a dreadful temper. It might be wiser not to disturb him. Debbie and Aristarchus scarcely breathed while he considered what to do.

"Very well," he decided. "Be on your way. A girl and her servant can't be up to much mischief. Be off with you!"

Deborah and Aristarchus needed no urging. They galloped away, carriage wheels splashing mud in all directions.

"Lawdy, Miss Debbie," Aristarchus muttered admiringly when they were safely past the British camp. "You have a cool head and a quick one. Jest like yo' Pappy!"

The sun was high when they reached Washington's headquarters. Debbie never forgot this first meeting with the great man. Though his face was lined with care for his country's sake, Deborah thought she had never seen a nobler, kinder countenance. When he finished reading the dispatch, General Washington smiled at her.

"A more important message never traveled in a bag of bread and cheese," he told Debbie.

"Nor ever had a fairer, braver young lady as its carrier."

"There was little danger, sir," Deborah said modestly. "Even redcoats would not harm just a girl."

"Just a girl, indeed!" George Washington exclaimed. "Tell your father he has a daughter worthy of his name. More courageous than many a soldier under arms. As for our country, a few citizens such as you will keep America forever free."

As they began the journey home (the long way around this time), Aristarchus smiled to himself.

Then he turned to Deborah and said, "General Washington was right, Miss Debbie. Your Pappy will be proud of you. You sure are brave! Specially fer just a girl!"



General Washington smiled at Debbie.

# A ROYAL VISIT



Can you imagine how excited you would be if you were asked to meet a real true-life king and queen?

That is what happened to JRC members from the District of Columbia Chapter recently, who were asked to represent the American Junior Red Cross in presenting gift boxes to the king and queen of Greece to take home to their own children.

But the minute they met pretty Queen

Frederika with her dimples, curly brown hair, and radiant smile, and her handsome husband, King Paul, the boys and girls felt completely at ease. The queen has a deep love for children and has done many fine things for the youth of Greece, especially those orphaned by war. It is

ARC PHOTO BY SHERE

**WASHINGTON, D.C.—**King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece admire a set of doll clothing sent to American school children by Greek Junior Red Cross. This display of gifts was set up for the royal couple during their visit to national headquarters, American Red Cross.



ARC PHOTO BY SHERE

**Barbara Hanford, Stoddert School, Washington, D. C., presents the smiling Queen Frederika with gift boxes for Her Majesty's three children.**



these young people, as well as her own, whom the queen calls "my children."

The royal visitors came to American Red Cross National Headquarters in Washington, D. C., during a tour of the United States. They brought the thanks of their people to the American Red Cross for the aid they had received during and following World War II, as well as after the recent earthquake in their country in which over 93,000 people were made homeless.

The queen told Red Cross staff members that "the work of the American Red Cross would always be an inspiration to her country. We are full of admiration for the way you always think of other people."

Then, with a warm and friendly smile, the queen added, "We are particularly inspired by the work of the Junior Red Cross—of which my own children are members."

"Perhaps it will be possible to begin a correspondence between them and some of your American children," she suggested.

The queen spoke in the assembly hall after she had received the gift boxes to take

home to her children, Crown Prince Constantine and Princesses Irene and Sophia.

The boxes were similar to 30,000 sent by the American Junior Red Cross to child victims of the terrible earthquakes last August on the Ionian Islands of Greece. In addition to the boxes, 50 school chests and 72,000 cans of condensed milk were rushed to Greece after the earthquake, through an appropriation from the National Children's Fund.

While the king and queen were at headquarters they saw some of the many beautiful correspondence albums received from Greek schools. These and other articles made by Greek JRC members, including many fine paintings, were exhibited.

The Greek Junior Red Cross, founded in 1924, has a lively program and numbers over 326,000 members. Greek juniors not only take part in many local service projects for orphanages and refugee centers, but they also sponsor health activities in the schools and take part in the international art and music programs.



# JOEL and JAMIE IN MEXICO

Illustrations by Stella Mackay

**Joel and his sister Jamie are real children, whose visit to Mexico is told by their mother, Elizabeth Huberman.**

"WE'RE in Mexico! We're in Mexico!" Joel and Jamie shouted as the *Aztec Eagle* slowed to a standstill on the international bridge over the Rio Grande. By running to the forward end of the train, they could correctly say they were in Mexico, while the rear end of the long *Eagle* still stood in the United States.

"But is this what Mexico looks like?" Joel was peering out of the window at the muddy river and the dusty, flat streets of Nuevo Laredo. "This doesn't look any different from Texas!"

"Why should it?" laughed another passenger on the *Eagle*. "Texas is still right next door. But wait until tomorrow. Wait until you're in the mountains."

Even before tomorrow came, the mountains showed themselves. Just at sunset they reared up in a purple, jagged line above the flat cactus desert. And by morning the train had already climbed into the towering ranges that make up most of Mexico.

Little adobe houses, bright with flower pots and bird cages, clustered around the railroad stations. Black-eyed children waved gaily at the train. Women with blue shawls over their black braids offered the passengers sweet limes tied to stalks of sugarcane. Now there was no doubt—this was really Mexico.

But 11-year-old Joel and almost-9 Jamie



were not going to get off the train at any of these little villages. With their parents, the brother and sister were bound for the great City of Mexico, to visit the Vazquez family.

And as the train wound round and round the huge mountain shoulders, Joel and Jamie wondered what the five Vazquez children would be like. Jolly, friendly Mr. Vazquez they knew and loved. He had visited them back in the United States. But would the children be jolly, too?

Just as important, would they understand English? Joel and Jamie were practicing Spanish very hard, but they knew they couldn't get far beyond "*Buenos días. Cuantos años tiene usted?*"—"Good day. How old are you?"

AT LAST the *Aztec Eagle* pulled into Mexico City. A clever taxi driver stuffed Joel, Jamie, their mother and father, and all their bags into his vehicle and whisked them up and down several miles of broad, brightly lighted avenues. Then, in front of a stylishly modern brick and stucco house that would have looked very well on Fifth Avenue in New York, the taxi stopped. Was this the Vazquez house?

Five black-haired heads, magically pop-

ping out of the front door all at once, gave the answer. Joel and Jamie opened their mouths to pronounce their best "*Buenos días!*" but the tallest of the five young Vazquez got ahead of them.

"Hello there! Welcome to Mexico!" said 19-year-old Salvador with a friendly smile.

Sergio, who was 15, Octavio, 12, Carlos, 10, and Lupita, 7, echoed Salvador's greeting. Welcome, welcome, they chorused, while Mr. Vazquez appeared at the door, too, and bustled out to give Joel and Jamie a great big hug.

In those 2 minutes Joel and Jamie were completely at home. And by the end of the next 2 minutes they were fast friends with all the young Vazquez. While their parents were still pulling bags out of the taxi, Joel and Jamie had exchanged all essential information with their five new comrades. They knew each other's ages, habits, hobbies, favorite movie star, and favorite baseball player.

"But how," Jamie managed to ask when the chatter died down for a minute, "how is it you speak such good English? We don't speak good Spanish!"

The Vazquez laughed delightedly. "It's simple," explained Sergio. "We go to the American school here, and all our classes



## More about

### JOEL and JAMIE

are in English, so of course we talk it well. But since our mother and father don't speak much English, we generally use Spanish here at home. That will give you two a chance to learn *our* language!"

Learning began for Joel and Jamie as soon as they sat down at the supper table. With wide-open ears they listened to the new words, and with wide-open eyes they studied the new foods set before them.

First came fluffy white rice with fried, golden *platanos machos*, giant sweet bananas that are rarely sold in the United States.

Wrapped up in a big white napkin was a pile of something resembling griddle cakes. But no, they weren't griddle cakes; they were *tortillas*, flat, round corn cakes that the people of Mexico have eaten with almost every meal for well over a thousand years.

From the same corn meal of which *tortillas* are made comes another ancient food, *atole*, a thick drink flavored with chocolate or cinnamon. But Joel and Jamie preferred a beautiful rose-colored beverage, brewed from dried *Jamaica* flowers.

Then they were asked if they would like some *leche*, too. Politely, they answered, "Si," but their faces had a worried look. What was *leche*? When *leche* appeared and turned out to be plain, ordinary milk, Joel and Jamie looked so relieved that everyone at the table burst out laughing. And laughing, fortunately, is the same in any language.

Play is the same in any language, too. On the broad sidewalk outside the Vazquez house, bicycles raced up and down, footballs soared through the air, and little girls pushed their doll carriages. As soon as supper was over, Joel, Jamie, and the three youngest Vazquez rushed outside to join in the fun.

First Joel exhibited his best football passes, then Jamie borrowed Carlos' bicycle

to perform her fanciest tricks. But they both stood still with their mouths open when a baker's delivery boy went by—riding a bicycle no-handed, too, and balancing on his head an enormous flat basket of rolls. Zip, zip, over curbs and around curves he went, and not a roll in the pile so much as jiggled.

"We give up," sighed Joel and Jamie. "That's too tricky for us!"

"HOW ABOUT a trip to the market?" asked Salvador next morning. "It won't be a super-market, like the ones you know back home. It'll be a Mexican market, and like nothing you've ever seen."

"Wonderful!" agreed Joel and Jamie. "Can we buy things there?"

"Buy!" the Vazquez children all laughed. "One American dollar is worth eight and a half Mexican pesos. So if you have five dollars, you're rich! You'll be able to buy out the market!"

That settled it. There was a general stampede out the door and into the Vazquez' station wagon. The station wagon was temperamental. It didn't always start. But Salvador talked to it encouragingly, and suddenly, jerk-jerk, it was off! Almost off the ground, indeed, because once it started, it flew. Everyone except Salvador shut his eyes, until jerk-jerk, it came to an equally sudden stop.

Then "Oh-h-h!" breathed Joel and Jamie, for they had arrived at the flower section of the market—a long, narrow street lined on both sides with loaded flower stands. "We didn't know there were so many flowers in the world!"

Mountains of roses, carnations, and lilies were heaped on the stands. Bunches of purple violets lay on pillows of evergreens to keep them cool. Orchids of all sizes and colors jostled for space with common daisies and nasturtiums. Everything was there—every flower, every color, every smell!

Joel and Jamie were spellbound, but the Vazquez children pulled them along to show them the inside of the vast market building.



Here, as colorful as the flowers, were shelves of straw basketry—baskets of all sizes, pocketbooks, hats, straw soldiers, horses, and bicycle riders.

In no time at all, Jamie had acquired a gaily trimmed hat and several horses, while Joel purchased a purple and yellow toy cyclist.

Then there were brightly painted trays, heaps of rich, brown, earthenware casseroles, painted pigs, carved wooden toys, leather belts and shoes—and food.

Farmers from the country struggled into the food stalls with loads of live turkeys on their backs. Goats, rabbits, and brilliantly colored fishes from Vera Cruz were piled on the counters. Griddles sizzled as meat and fish were cooked right on the spot for customers who couldn't wait until they got home.

The women who tended the vegetable and fruit stands arranged their wares in beautiful patterns—pyramids of green peppers surrounded by red tomatoes, mouth-watering wedges of melon and pineapple set in the dark green of ripe avocados.

Joel and Jamie were busy inquiring what this strange purple fruit might be, or what was that green prickly thing. And when Joel discovered that he was face to face with fresh figs, he promptly bought a big bagful to take home for lunch.

EVERY DAY Joel and Jamie spent with the Vazquez was so busy that waking up the next morning was always a hard job. But one day, just as it was getting light, they both sat up in bed as if they had heard an alarm clock. What was that sound? It was singing. Someone was singing outside their door.

Quick as a rabbit, Jamie hopped out of bed and ran to open the door. There was the whole Vazquez family singing the Mexican birthday song, *Las Mañanitas*, and shouting "Happy Birthday!" in between verses.

Why, of course, it was Jamie's birthday. Today she was 9 years old! And what a



For once Jamie didn't know what to say. "Thank you" certainly wasn't enough!

wonderful way to begin a birthday, with such a pretty song!

But now she noticed something more. Each member of the Vazquez family was holding out a package to her. As fast as she could say "*Gracias*," which was very fast indeed, she took each package and unwrapped it.

In one was a little silver ring, in another a necklace, in another earrings, in another a bracelet, and in the last and biggest was the most beautiful carved wooden horse Jamie had ever seen, complete with a fine little leather saddle and bridle.

For once in Jamie's life, she really didn't know what to say, because "Thank you!" certainly wasn't enough.

In a few days, though, she said just the right thing. The time for returning to the United States was getting close, and Joel was complaining. He didn't want to go home. "I know why he doesn't want to leave Mexico," said Jamie. "He wants to have his birthday here, like me." THE END

# Valentines for Sale

**"Who will buy my valentines?" asked JRC members in Central School, Evanston, Illinois, and they didn't have long to wait for the answer.**



**EVERY GRADE**, from kindergarten through the sixth, in Central School, Evanston, Illinois, took part in a unique Junior Red Cross venture. After much discussion beforehand, the whole school decided to put on a valentine sale to earn money for their Junior Red Cross enrollment.

Each room first decided on the kind of valentine it would make. Then all the boys and girls worked hard to make their valentines just as different and as attractive as they could.

One classroom decided to make valentine shopping bags out of construction paper, decorated with hearts. Another class made



PHOTOS BY EVANSTON PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE

**JRC members at Central School, Evanston, Ill. (Chicago Chapter), buy valentines at sale to raise money for Junior Red Cross enrollment. They made the valentines in their classrooms.**

All the pupils in Central School took part in the Valentine Sale.



headbands, while still another fashioned bracelets of paper hearts. One of the lower grades baked heart-shaped cookies with the help of their teacher. The 6th grade constructed attractive "King and Queen of Hearts" favors from inverted paper cups with lollypop heads, topped by wire hair and a crown.

On the day of the sale, two hours were set aside for the selling. The halls were gay with colorful decorations and the tables were covered with their valentine wares. Boys and girls were chosen from each room as sales people for the booths, and teachers were on hand to help the little folks.

After the valentines were sold out—and it was quick—the pupils in charge tidied up the tables and cleaned up the scraps, so that the janitor had only to put away the tables.

Back in their classrooms, the children talked about the sale and how much fun they would have sending the valentines to each other in their valentine boxes. They then counted their money, and after they

set aside the amount they needed to pay for their valentine materials, they were surprised at the amount they had left for their JRC service fund.

Teachers and pupils all agreed that the valentine sale had been a big success. They not only learned how to make new things in their classroom work and how to add and subtract faster, but they had the fun of working together on a common project. Best of all, they felt this project spelled service in Junior Red Cross.

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### I SENT A VALENTINE

NONA KEEN DUFFY

I sent a Valentine  
Of lace  
To some one with a  
Lovely face.

I wrote on it  
"From Me to You"—  
Then wrote her name,  
But I won't say who!

# Young Music

Music speaks louder than words, and boys and girls in many countries are speaking to each other through the AJRC International School Music Project.

Junior Red Cross boys and girls in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, took an active part in the International School Music Project during 1952-53. Pictured on these pages are some of the music makers of the Pittsburgh schools who recorded music to send to juniors in other countries.

Since 1949 when a school music project was first attempted by the American Junior Red Cross, music from schools in the United States has been sent to over 60 countries. The idea of the project is to promote better understanding and good will among boys and girls of the world through exchange of the music that they sing and play in their schools.

Many letters have been received from other countries telling how much boys and girls who have heard the music enjoy it. Many letters add that they are interested in knowing more about the music and about the boys and girls who send it.

Dr. Goetz Fehr, director of the German Junior Red Cross, writes: "Members of the (Hamburg - Harburg Junior Red Cross)



Bernard Himmel, Fulton School, Pittsburgh, Pa., leads his class in singing the song they wrote and composed, called "City of Steel."



# Makers

group have put together a short recording taken from the records of school music sent by the American Junior Red Cross which they present at meetings of the Junior Red Cross in different places, at the same time giving corresponding explanations. . . . In this way it has been possible for a wider circle of Junior Red Cross members to hear these beautiful music offerings from your juniors, and that in an attractive setting."

Miss Dalima, director of the Indonesian Junior Red Cross, writes: "We greatly appreciate the American Junior Red Cross sending us this valuable gift (music recordings) which enable the Indonesian boys and girls to enjoy the music of your country. . . . We hope these relations between our societies will be strengthened."

From Japan, Mrs. Sachiko Hashimoto, assistant director of Junior Red Cross, writes of receiving the music albums sent last year:

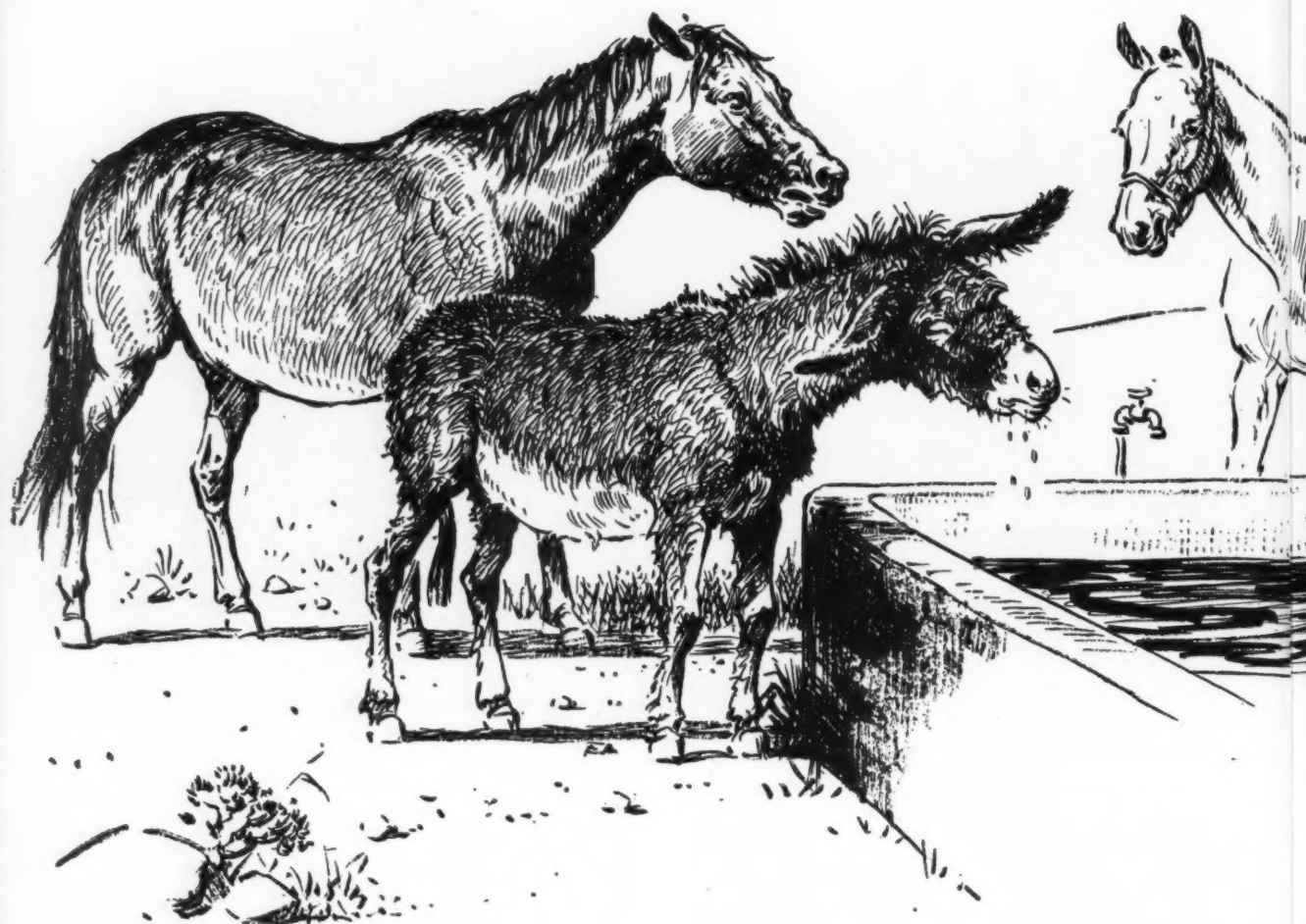
"We were just thrilled to see them so beautifully and thoughtfully arranged. We took them right away to the national training course for the potential staff leaders for local training centers which started two days after the arrival of your records. Those who came to the one-week course found it an honor and privilege to attend their release. They were mostly teacher-sponsors of the enrolled schools from all over Japan, and they seemed especially happy with your kind arrangement of the score to go with the records."



Benny Robertson, Boggs Ave. School, Pittsburgh, Pa., helped record the "Mouse's Courting Song."



All-City (Pittsburgh, Pa.) elementary school chorus rehearses songs composed in classrooms. Grace Cyphers, music supervisor, is accompanist.



# Little Donkey

Story by  
ROY CHILDERS

Illustrated by  
Wesley Dennis

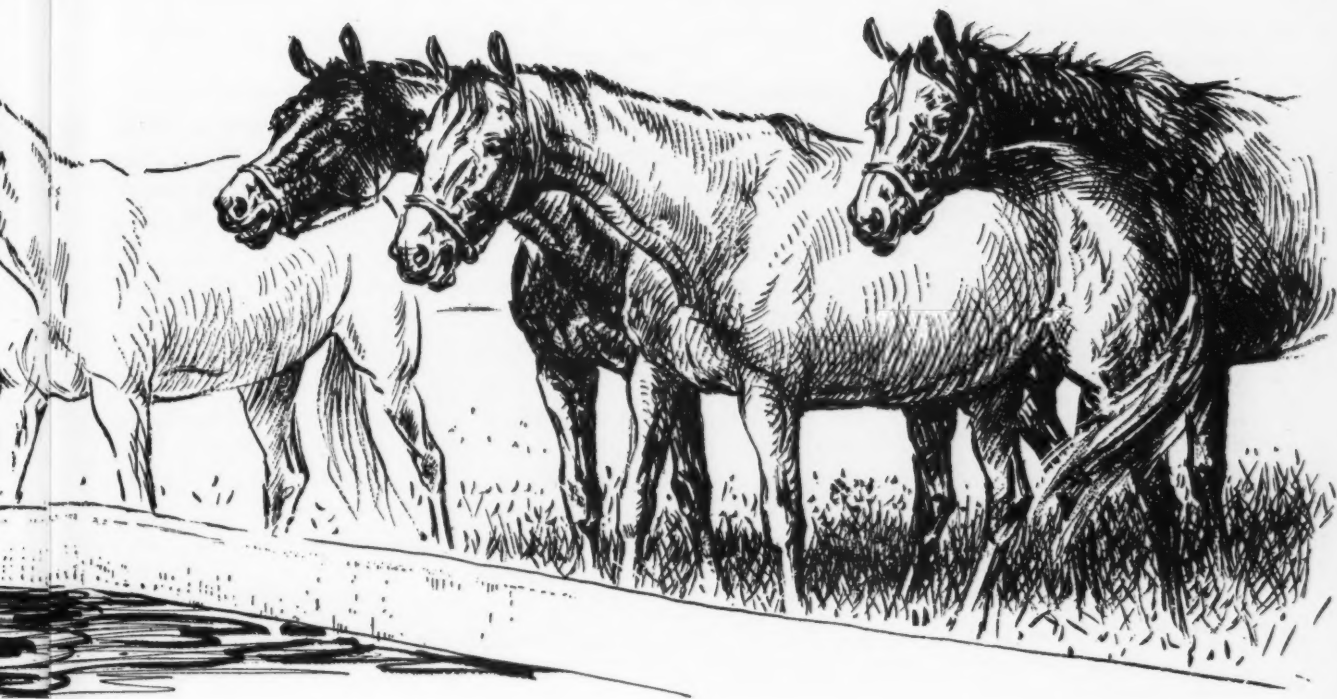
**A read-aloud story  
for little folks  
about a little lost donkey  
who was looking for a home.**

**C**LOP clop! Clop clop! Clop clop!  
Little Donkey walked and walked and  
walked. For two days he had been walking,  
ever since the sand-storm.

Little Donkey was lost, and far from the  
range-land. Still he kept walking.

Clop clop! Clop clop! Clop clop!

Little Donkey hoped to find a new home  
soon. He was weak and tired and very,



With all the big strong race horses around him, Little Donkey felt small and alone.

very HUNGRY. There had been nothing much to eat on the wide plains. The water holes were dry. Only once in a great while was there a clump of grass he could feed on.

But now, in the distance, Little Donkey could see a house and a pretty green pasture. Best of all, there was a stable with many, many horses. Surely, thought Little Donkey, he could get something to eat there. He broke into a gallop.

Clip-clop-clip! Clip-clop-clip! Clip-clop-clip!

Soon he arrived at the farmhouse gate. A big sign was posted on the fence. It read:

**MR. BROWN'S  
RACE HORSES**

Little Donkey went into the yard and

up to the water trough. He was so thirsty that he drank and drank and drank. Then Little Donkey looked up to see a beautiful red horse standing before him. The horse was named Red Racer, and he was angry.

"How dare you drink MY water!" Red Racer said.

Suddenly all the other horses in the yard came up to stare at Little Donkey. They were fine-looking race horses, well fed, with shining coats of skin. They had never seen a donkey before.

With all the big, strong race horses around him, Little Donkey felt very small and all alone. His long ears drooped. He was so tired and hungry he could not talk.

"What a funny looking animal you are!" Red Racer said. All the horses began to

*(Continued on next page)*

laugh at the funny little donkey. "Heeeeee! Heeeeee! Heeeeee!"

Little Donkey joined in the laughter.

"Hee Haw! Hee Haw! Hee Haw!"

It was such a strange sound that the horses stopped laughing. Never before had they heard a donkey BRAY.

From around the corner of the stable came a gentle, gray horse whose name was Wise Old Horse. Once he had been the champion race horse in Mr. Brown's stable. Wise Old Horse was still a champion in good manners! When he saw how the other horses were treating the strange visitor, Wise Old Horse grew stern!

"You should be ashamed of yourselves," he told the horses. "If you were lost, tired, and hungry, would you like to be laughed at?"

"No," said Red Racer.

"No, no, no," said the other horses.

Wise Old Horse led Little Donkey to a pile of hay.

"Eat, my little friend," he said. "Eat all you want."

After Little Donkey had eaten, the horses held a meeting.

"We must find a place for Little Donkey here at our home," Wise Old Horse said.

"We are all race horses," Red Racer said.

"Can Little Donkey run a race?"

Little Donkey shook his head sadly.

"Mr. Brown likes race horses," another horse said. "He will not let Little Donkey stay with us."

"I can work very hard," Little Donkey said eagerly.

"What can you do?" asked Wise Old Horse.

"I can carry things on my back," Little Donkey said. "I can pull a cart."

"You cannot carry Mr. Brown on your back and race around a track," Red Racer said.

"No, I cannot do that," Little Donkey said sadly.

All the horses were silent. They could think of nothing that Little Donkey could do. He would have to leave them. There

was no place for a small donkey around a stable of race horses.

"Thank you for the food and water," Little Donkey said. He turned to walk slowly across the yard to the gate. He would have to search again for a new home.

"Wait!" cried Wise Old Horse. "I have an idea!"

Excited, everyone gathered around Wise Old Horse.

"Little Donkey can carry the hay from the store-room at feeding time," Wise Old Horse said. "That way, he will be a big help around our home."

"Little Donkey can ride Mr. Brown's daughter in her cart," Red Racer said. "Little Donkey has TWO jobs! Surely Mr. Brown will let him stay."

"Hurrah!" cried Little Donkey. "I have a wonderful new home!"

His friends, all the horses, raced around the yard with joy!

Clippety-clip! Clippety-clip! Clippety-clip!

And Little Donkey trailed after them, slowly but happily.

Clippity-clop! Clippity-clop! Clippity-clop!

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## *Use Your Magazines*

"The Junior Red Cross NEWS and JOURNAL are worth much more than the 50 cents and one dollar per year that you pay for them. They contain up-to-date news in pictures of the purchases made from the National Children's Fund to aid young people all around the world; information on first aid, water safety, and other Red Cross services; material that can be used in social studies and science classes; student-written articles on present-day problems, and news of new books."

—From the JRC News Letter  
Buffalo, N. Y., Chapter.

"Read and circulate the American Junior Red Cross NEWS and JOURNAL. Find out what the Junior Red Cross does in schools in other parts of the nation."

—From the JRC Bulletin,  
Sioux City, Iowa, Chapter.



# *A neighbor to the rescue—*

A true picture-story of how a boy saved a neighbor's life.

Illustrated by  
John Donaldson



**1.** Robert Coleman, 14-year-old boy from Marblehead, Mass., spent last summer in Maine, where he did a great deal of swimming. One afternoon, just after he had come out of the water, he heard cries for help coming from the lake. When he saw that the cries came from a boy floundering helplessly in the water, he jumped to the rescue.



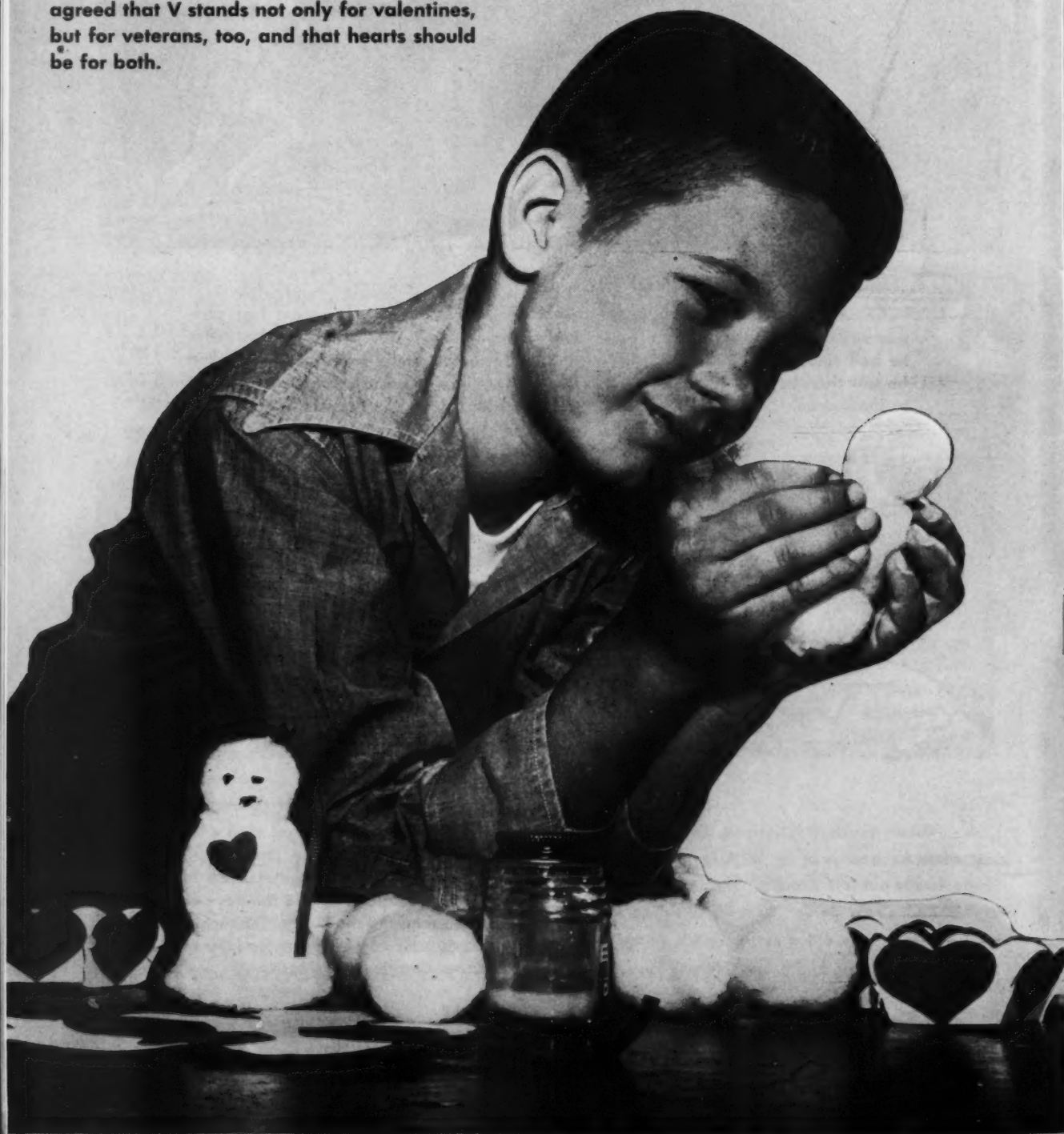
**2.** Robert reached his friend, Lawrence Olson, just after he had sunk in 10 feet of water. He immediately put into practice what he had learned in his Red Cross Junior Life Saving Course the spring before. He did a surface dive, found Lawrence on the first try, and brought him to the surface.



**3.** Two men on shore had seen what was happening and started to the rescue in a rowboat. Robert was able to hold Lawrence's head above water until the men reached the boys and brought Lawrence safely to the beach. Robert was credited with saving his friend's life. He later received the Red Cross Certificate of Merit.

# H-E-A-R-T-S

Eugene Thurman, Jet Elementary School, Jet, Oklahoma, puts the finishing touches on the valentine favors he and his fourth grade classmates have been making for wounded Korean veterans in the hospital. The JRC boys and girls in Eugene's class all agreed that V stands not only for valentines, but for veterans, too, and that hearts should be for both.



JOLLY JUNIOR SAYS :



### St. Valentine's Call

*We remember good St. Valentine,  
Who had a heart of gold.  
He was always kind and thoughtful  
And did good deeds in days of old.*

*The Junior Red Cross is our choice  
To serve both far and near.  
We heard our call to duty  
And that is why we're here.*

COLLEEN KELLEY  
Grade 6, Harris St. School  
East Point, Ga.

### "Dear JRC Friends—"

That is the way fourth graders in Abraham Lincoln School (Minneapolis and Hennepin County Chapter, Minneapolis, Minn.) began their reply album to the Alfred Joyce School in Montreal.

They included written minutes of their morning class meeting, original drawings and stories about their study units on Indians, travel, Minnesota history, Minneapolis, Minnesota trees. The first and third grades prepared a page for the school's album, too.

### Real-Life Arithmetic

Fourth graders at Joshua Howard School, Dearborn, Michigan (Detroit Chapter), are proud of the "figuring" they did for Junior Red Cross. During

enrollment they not only kept a tally sheet of membership rolls for all 19 classrooms in the school, but also counted the money given to Red Cross, then wrapped it carefully to send to the chapter. This was a big help to their teacher, Mrs. Anne Kovach, who is JRC teacher-sponsor for the school.

### S-E-R-V-I-C-E

"Service for others" is one of the best parts of the JRC program in Erie, Pa., agree the 38,000 members who take part in such projects as—

**Sewing and manual training production of articles** such as stuffed toys, games, ashtrays for hospitals and institutions

**Easter bedside gardens, made by schools, for distribution** to home-tutored children and hospitals

**Reading and playing games with residents of homes** for children and aged

**Visiting homes and hospitals and taking production items to patients**

**Interesting, decorative designs painted on windows** of children's wards at holiday time

**Candy cups, tray mats, and holiday favors made to cheer residents of hospitals**

**Entertainment given by glee clubs, orchestras, and talented JRC members at institutions.**

# LINCOLN

Dorothy Brown Thompson

Gladys Blakeley Bush

with dignity

His stat-ure through the lens of years looms lar-ger in the na-tion's plan, And

grate-ful - ly each age re-veres The sturd-y good his hand be-gan. But

chief-ly that in him ap-pears The great-ness of the com-mon man

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin



